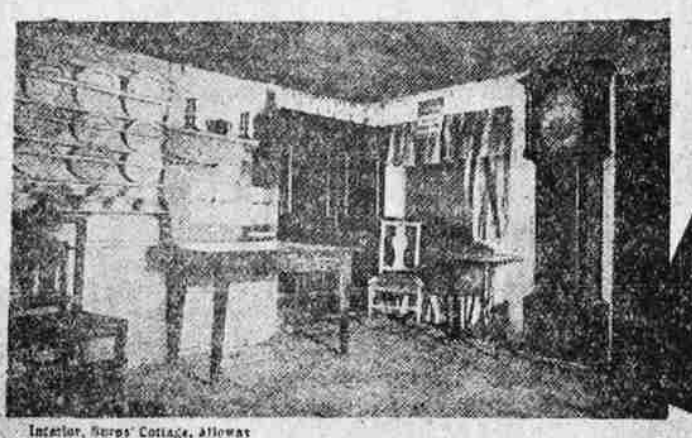


# SOMETHING ABOUT SCOTLAND

BY ALTA RAWLINS



Inverness Hotel, Glasgow, Scotland

A Parting Glimpse of Lake Lomond, Scotland

ELLEN'S ISLE, Lake Katrine

A first visit to Scotland is full of delights and—disappointments. Everything that meets the eye clamors for attention, even down—or rather up—to the queer mother chimney and all her family of little chimneys—a populous roof world in itself. For this first peep into other countries rejuvenates a person. One becomes old and wise in the ways of his country, yet with this change one is transported into a second sort of nursery-rhyme land, where life is romantic, thrilling and a bit queer; where men talk a little crooked and walk a little crooked; where, in fact, life is just enough crooked according to straight American eyes, to make it decidedly interesting. However, it is only at first this pleasing distortion exists. The longer you travel along the path of exploration or sightseeing the straighter and more to be expected it grows, and all these odd little differences disappear. In a word, the eye grows used to such novelties as chimney tops; brown paper parcels, of a brownness that no American can appreciate till he sees, and of "double-decked" street cars and their perilous circular steps. Indeed, one has no idea of the agility which can be developed through climbing and descending them while going at full speed.

First impressions, of course, are not all of such trivial things. But it is rather a fact that, overwhelmed with newness, minute things should first push their way out of the chaos long before the important city, or country, makes any clear or definite impression upon the mind. Hence, out of chimneys, old Scotch accent, ruddy cheeks, bare-kneed youngsters, shop windows crammed to the very ceiling—for the edification of second-story street car passengers—out of these Glasgow emerges slowly. And finally Glasgow stands revealed—a gray-stoned city, with something definitely square about it, and perpetually gray, a grayness that comes partly from the smoke from manufacturing plants, which abound here, and partly by inherent right as atmosphere of the place. Yet one would hardly wish it different, for it harmonizes so readily with everything about the city. And finally there is that permeating sense of coldness which clings about Glasgow even on warm days; as if the city would never quite forget its northern place on the map.

As to Glasgow. But, declares every one, nobody goes to Glasgow, or at least never stays there. Glasgow is sort of a stepping stone to somewhere else—to America, to Avy, to the Scotch lakes and Trossachs and to Edinburgh. Glasgow is really very well in her way—boasts of a cathedral worth seeing, very beautiful botanical gardens and an excellent art gallery. And there is but little doubt if one could not penetrate her unbending reserve, one would find things very much worth staying for. Indeed, it is not always the showy things that count as the most interesting to travelers. The one is easy to get, and the other is not; there is the difference. Else compare that huge shipbuilding life of Glasgow's with the dead and past history of Edinburgh, interesting though it may be in contemplation! And then a traveler's time is not his own to devote into things other than these most apparent—nor his mind either. He belongs to that great machine of "Hurry" and "Follow-in-my-footstep," which in this case gives him perhaps no more than a passing knowledge of Glasgow shipbuilding when he sails up the Firth of Clyde. On those narrow, but steep, banks, rise some of the greatest shipbuilding docks in the world. In an hour's ride, ships in all stages of construction loom up within their frameworks, till at the end the whole story has been told—even though it be somewhat superficially. So while Glasgow is well enough, she is after all the plain sister whose good points are lost beside the beauty of that other—Edinburgh.

To the Shrine of Burns. From Glasgow one goes to Avy to worship at the shrine of Burns. Never is Burns so fully appreciated as when studied among the scenes of his early life. All Scotland breathes the spirit of him—yet in the little thatched roof cottage at Alloway, along the banks of Bonny Doon of Avy, the atmosphere turns the head. Burns has made the region a wonderful one, but one almost begins to fancy that the beautiful country made Burns, for poetry lingers in nature and in the people who live there. Reverently the visitor treads through the thick-walled, earthen-floored cottage, with mere slits for windows, beds built into the wall and with another sort of stall where the children were put—a most humble, but attractive place under its age and circumstances. One pokes about in the adjoining museum among original drafts of poems, relics, testimonials and kindred things so dear to the heart of the tourist. Then comes a visit to the old ruined church where the Burns family is buried, and next, the Burns memorial in a beautiful garden by the River Doon. The memorial is full of interest because of the unique pictures, statues of Sam, his friend, and Highland Mary. In fact, there is just a momentary but clear glimpse of all those romantic spots and things which the reader of Burns knows so well, except in actuality. One is even invited into the old toasty tavern at Avy, where it is declared Burns, Sam and Souter Johnny used to drink, smoke and tell their stories. Even today the landlord is of queer enough type to fit readily into a poem had one but the genius to compose it.

But here enters the disappointment of a first trip. In the midst of the great unknown, one has no more than discovered a good thing than it is time to "hurry on." So, after all, the best that a first trip gives is good material with which to map out a second trip or a treat for those who follow, whereon are placed red crosses here and there like rabbits' footprints marking a trail. At Alloway a red cross should be placed at a tempting old sort of inn, unmentioned by Baedeker and Cook, which stares straight at the church and its birthplace, for this is just such a place in which one might imbibe the spirit and knowledge of Burns to the heart's content.

And from Glasgow one may go to the Scotch lake. As the Scotland has hardly become Scotland. Just a little slow is the recovery from the disappointment at finding that the Scotch people do not through the streets of Glasgow, in Highland kilts and bonnets, nor speak the language of "bonnie Burns"; that girls are no "bonnie" than American girls, and that bagpipes are as yet unseen.

Many Delightful Surprises. Once inure yourself to disappointment, however, and there begins to gleam upon "that inward eye" a delightful store of surprises, especially if you be in the Scotch Highlands. Most unusual and a surprise that naturally leaves a lingering impression is that experienced while crossing the old moors on the way to the Scotch lakes. The picture retained is one of a handsome, rugged, old man starting up from a jungle of bushes with a bagpipe to his lips, whose weird wailing followed over the wild and lonely moors. How different is the music of a bagpipe in a music hall and on a brush-covered moor, and what a difference, too, when the music comes upon one unexpectedly, stirring up the Scotch romance, which is in every one. Then, for it has never probably been before, is the sphere of the bagpipe realized and appreciated.

There is another picture, too, that is retained, a picture pleasing to think upon—one of fine, barefooted little children, with rosy cheeks and yellow hair streaming behind them, as hand-in-hand they followed the coach, holding mutely forth in their free hands bunches of heather. It was in a very sea of heather, but what of that? Whether it is seen everywhere, turning the green hills purple in great patches, now like high lights, now like shadows; growing in close masses relieved only by ferns; and yet heather with its wonderful sweet-lost none of it because of its plentifulness.

And here in the highlands, after all, still lives the broad Scotch tongue of Scott and Burns, the feature which has made Scotch literature so delightful. The more uncouth the person, the broader the accent seems to be, and possibly, too, the more of a highlander. Here children babble on to no understanding. Thus, after much coaxing and persuasion, a little fellow was persuaded to tell his humble history, but it might just as well have been in Greek.

Easy to Move About. To a stranger it might appear a difficult matter to tell just where to go, but it is not so. Follow that continuous line of tourists, over lakes and trossachs, and one finds it is easily enough. Touring has become more or less an electric staircase, upon which one places his foot to be carried along in a manner safe and conventional enough for the most timid. The train from Glasgow drops its load at Balloch pier, with no breathing nor inquiring space in between, but it is not needed, for a steamer is ready, and immediately the journey up the long firth begins. The steamer plows on with a doggedness not to be disputed, condescendingly touches at three or four points along the way in a more or less impracticable manner—and before the feeling that the journey has begun has passed, dumps its load at Inverness. There the tourists are herded into several impatient coaches and whirled off up hill and over doons to

Loch Katrine, where the same steam-boat performance is repeated, and the visitor is rushed on and on and on, till one almost feels like Alice in Wonderland as she was whirled on by the grim-faced queen. This feeling remains unbroken, unless, perchance, the tourist becomes bold and dares to break away from the trodden road of tourist travel to linger where the main sweep of travel does not brush by.

Around Beautiful Lakes. Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine and the Trossachs—what wonderful possibilities in these three places, if one will but trust to the inspiration of the moment and forget the allurements of the future. Nothing is so perfect as that which lies immediately in front of the tourist as he journeys by these lakes. Three times will beautiful Loch Lomond open its inviting arms to stop the visitor, and then no more. Once at Luss the invitation comes, for there a little handful of rose-covered cottages are set in a bed of the lake. Here one may drink externally of beauty, of dark, thickly wooded banks, of hills above, so velvety and richly purple, of reflected tints in the clear water, and here all things seem to harmonize with the silence and loveliness that pervades the lake. But best of all, here one may learn to know the heart of the Scotch people and the ins and outs of Scotch life. Luss, with but one moment in which to decide; hesitate, and all that is left of Luss is a last picture of its pretty little rows of rose-covered cottages, and then the little boat chugs cheerfully round the bend into midlake.

It is quite necessary and appropriate that the tourist should buy a plain little book from the two "kiosk" ladies on board in order that you may read in a proper setting Burns's "Bonny Banks of Loch Lomond." Roward-man, the next stop in the ride around Loch Lomond, is not so pretty as Luss, yet it is of interest, for it is one of those resorts that has passed, yet which still possesses those same characteristics that caused tourists years ago to stop and linger. Old Ben Lomond looms up sofitly nearby as the feature which used to attract interest. Donkeys still stand ready to take the tourist up the sides of the famous old mountain. Sometimes they wait long indeed, for poor old Ben has lost his pristine popularity. Once upon a time he fairly groined with visitors, making the heart of the old Scotch innkeeper glad indeed. But then, what should a pernicious meddler do but create a great stir about Ellen's Isle, in Loch Katrine, thus drawing the whole host of tourists after him, leaving poor old Ben to doze the rest of his life away and his keeper to fume with rage at deserted Loch Lomond.

So the tendency is still to be carried on by far, and a little more unpretentious stopping place—and the last. Nothing then remains but Inverness, beautiful with its falls, but so eminently "tourist" with its coaches and bustling crowds that clatter in upon the quiet of the hotel, touch here a bite of luncheon or take a cup of tea or mug of ale, meanwhile stirring up a great dust of confusion.

Wild Moors and Doons. In a walk or drive from Loch Lomond to Loch Katrine, one is first properly introduced to the wild moors and doons of Scotland. Both have a peculiar beauty of their own, enhanced no doubt, by the sudden contrast from the wooded luxury of the lakes below. For here the land is bare except for the heather or a straggling tree. These lone trees, instead of relieving the weird effect for which the moor and doon are known, seem to intensify it. And the wild goat that one happens to meet on little used trails only helps to produce that weird feeling, especially if the goat possesses any amount of that weirdness himself.

Loch Katrine is even more beautiful than Loch Lomond, if such a thing be possible; for the beauty seems to be concentrated into a smaller space. Two viewpoints give one a complete idea of Loch Katrine, the one from the Stronachlach hotel and the other at a bend near the middle of the lake. It is not an impossible walk from the hotel to the bend in the middle of the lake. No matter which side of the lake one may choose to go on, his reward will be ample. Footpaths near the bank, yet high enough to give a good view of the moors, lead along either shore. And the moor stretches endlessly away, only relieved by a few country manor houses here and there, hidden in the trees. But these are guarded with forbidding signs. For this Scotch better class is distant and wary of newcomers. Once they open their heart to you, however, there is no end to their hospitality. So it is not impossible after all, while roaming about the lake, to be introduced to a typical Scotch family of this particular

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## Our Annual Linen & White Goods Sale!

### KEITH O'BRIEN Co

The complete assortment of new, fresh, dependable merchandise at the prices quoted should induce all Salt Lake shoppers to participate in this sale.

Table Linens, Napkins, Bed Spreads, Towels, Sheets, Pillow Cases, Cambrics, Muslins, Lawns, Swisses, Dimities, Embroidered and Drawn Work Linens included in this great sale.

*All goods not specially priced will be reduced from 10 to 20 per cent. Many of the special lots as much as one-third off*

#### Table Linens

Take these damasks for instance—our own standard brands at the heaviest kind of a reduction. One thing to remember: The quality of these goods.

72-in. Loom Dice Damask .....48c  
60-in. cream Damask, 75c grade .....59c  
72-in. cream Damask, \$1.00 grade .....69c  
72-in. Fine Bleach Damask, \$1.50 grade .....\$1.00

A few odd cloths, fine quality, at 1/2 price.

Balance of Stock 10 to 20% Off.

#### Huck and Damask Towels

With such values you can readily understand that these towels will not last all week. They are not questionable goods, but fine qualities throughout.

18x36 size Huck, each .....8 1-3c  
18x34 size Huck, each .....12 1/2c  
18x36 size Huck, each .....16 2-3c  
20x36 size Huck, each .....23c  
20x40 size Damask, each .....23c

#### Crash Toweling

7 1/2c Crash, yard .....5c  
8 1-3c Crash, yard .....6 1/4c  
12 1/2c Crash, yard .....10c  
20c Crash, yard .....15c

#### Turkish Towels

20x45 unbleached, each .....11c  
24x45 unbleached, each .....25c  
16x36 bleached, each .....18c  
20x38 bleached, each .....15c  
26x43 bleached, each .....25c

#### Bath Mats

20x44, 65c grade .....39c

#### Bed Spreads

Not a minute to lose on these snappy bargains. Be certain and lay in a supply of bedspreads, sheets and pillow cases for you may not have in a year another opportunity like it.

72x81 hemmed, \$1.25 grade .....85c  
72x90 hemmed, \$1.50 grade .....\$1.25

Balance of stock 10 to 20 per cent off.

Special attention is called to our Towel Counter, which contains a most complete assortment of the best makes of towels, in all sizes—Turkish, huck and damask

#### Sheets and Pillow Cases

72x90 welded sheet—each .....39c  
81x90 welded sheet—each .....57c  
\$1.25 No. 2000 sheet .....69c  
45x36-in. pillow cases, each .....11c  
45x36-in. pillow cases—each .....12 1/2c  
45x36-in. pillow cases, Extra heavy—each .....15c

Hemstitched sheets and cases, all sizes, 10 per cent reduction from regular prices.

These sheets and cases are our regular stock and the buying and selling prices are so close that it is next to an impossibility to cut the selling price. Notwithstanding we have decided to give our customers a 10 per cent discount.



#### Nainsook, Long Cloth and India Linons

\$1.75 grade Nainsook (12 yds. to pc.) .....\$1.49  
\$2.50 grade Nainsook (12 yds. to pc.) .....\$1.99  
\$3.00 grade Nainsook (12 yds. to pc.) .....\$2.25  
\$2.25 grade Long Cloth (12 yds. to pc.) .....\$1.69  
\$2.50 grade Long Cloth (12 yds. to pc.) .....\$1.89  
\$2.25 grade Long Cloth (12 yds. to pc.) .....\$2.45

#### India Linon

30-inch Indian Linon, per yard .....8c  
30-inch Indian Linon, per yard .....11c  
30-inch Indian Linon, per yard .....13c

#### Three Hundred Remnants

Table Linens and Crashes, at 1-3 to 1-2 less than regular prices.

French Cluny, Irish Hand Embroidery, Japanese Drawnwork, Renaissance and Plain Hemstitched Linens, Scarfs, Squares, Rounds and Doilies all sizes, reduced 25%.

#### Persian Lawns, Bleached Muslins, Embroidered Swisses and New Waistings

45 in. Persian Lawn, 50c grade, yard .....33c  
46-in. Bleached Muslin (fine and soft finish) .....8 1-3c

Thousands of women in the city and out have been waiting for this sale, for they knew it would include Persian lawns, bleached muslins, embroidered swisses and new waistings, beautiful sheer fabrics which will be all the rage a few weeks hence—just as soon as the first breath of spring comes. So you will really be buying advanced styles at a splendid saving.

We want you to know about the beauty of the texture of these nice quality cottons which are worked into sheer stuffs. You will find in delightful patterns—Swisses, Mulls, Lawns, Dimities, Batiste, etc. Then comes Embroidered Swisses, Button Hole Embroidered Swisses, and Embroidered Swisses with border effects. Especially desirable for dresses and waists—neat small patterns.

#### Embroidered Swisses, Dots and Figures

50c, 60c, 65c grades, yard .....29c  
75c grade, 39c; 85c grade .....44c  
27 in. new White Waistings, figures, Lace, Stripes, Checks and corded effects, yard .....18c

#### Fancy Linens, Fourth Off

Customers know they never get fooled at this store. That a genuine fourth off on new stock closely priced is to be counted something. Takes in nearly everything the heart can wish for in fancy linens.

## A Little Talk on Ricksecker's Toilet Requisites

Cold cream, the perfection of beautifiers—being absolutely pure makes it the best of skin foods—large jar 50c.

Toilet water that is as refreshing as a bunch of fresh cut violets—50c and 75c.

Tooth powder that will keep the teeth clean, the gums rosy and the breath sweet, better than 25c powders—for 20c.

Sachet powders second to none in

quality and superior to those sold elsewhere at the same price, all odors—50c an ounce.

Perfumes that are more lasting and the odors truer to nature than nine-tenths of the imported perfumes—price per ounce—75c; and one special odor at—50c ounce.

Space alone prevents us from mentioning 21 other items that are necessary for the toilet, including skin soap that will soften and heal the skin.

## FREE CLASSES IN CHINA PAINTING

Mondays, 2 to 5 p.m.; Tuesdays, 9 a.m. to 12;  
Wednesdays, 2 to 5 p.m.; Saturdays, 2 to 5 p.m.